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FAMILIAR HAUNTS.

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Finding myself in Port Hope on the last day of June, 1918, I took occasion and my hobby by the forelock, and, in the company of my fellow-collector of old days, headed north for some woods just west of our favorite "Rocky Mountains." Here lies as pretty a tract as can be found in all Northumberland, with extensive bush to west and north and embracing roughly a square mile of ground. It forms a kind of table land of middle elevation between the Port Hope plains and the long wooded ridge that stands out against the skyline as you look north from the campus of Trinity College School.

Deserting our usual route for a somewhat more westerly course, we held up the Bewdley gravel-road past the first line north of Dale; here a rough road, closed off by a gate, runs east to a gravel pit. Just beyond this we turned north to examine a grove of mixed hardwood and pine where the axe had been busy. In spite of its being bright and hot, we could find nothing at work about the cord wood and stumps, nor even about a few recently felled maples lying crushed and shattered as saw or axe had left them.

It was hot work and dry, stumbling about the clearing over rough, hard-baked ground, and even my hobby—old war-horse that it was—showed signs of flagging. My companion dismounted altogether and soon found a ready-made cozy corner in the grass beneath a shady evergreen. Just before giving up the search myself, and already at the point of indifference, I happened to spy a trunk of white pine lying in the very centre of the clearing, where the sun poured down relentless rays.

As I approached it I saw a small, dark longicorn settle on the butt; this proved to be *Acmaeops proteus*, a beetle sufficiently uncommon in our neighborhood to warrant capture. Then while skirting the trunk, I noticed near the middle and on the upper side, clinging to the rough bark, a blackish longicorn with yellow marks on the elytra; at first glance I took it for *Clytanthus ruricola* and wondered what it was doing on pine, for I have never captured this insect except on foliage or in blossoms, where it is a voracious pollen-feeder. A second look showed me at once that the beetle was new to me; it was much shorter than *C. ruricola* and had a peculiarly truncate appearance. Moreover, the marks and lines of yellow pubescence on the wing-covers formed a different pattern from that of *Clytanthus*, being unlike both in shape and in disposition. Both insects are nearly black, "piceous" rather than jet; the antennæ in both are fairly short, somewhat darker in the stranger, whose thorax, also, is shorter and less elevated; the forward margin of the thorax in both is fringed with

yellow, but in the stranger the hind margin is also yellow; both have a yellow scutellum and a small patch of yellow at the base of each wing-cover; but the familiar long "L"-shaped mark of yellow behind this in *Clytanthus ruricola* is replaced in the stranger by a simple diagonal line slightly curved, and behind this is a transverse band of yellow continued across the sutural line over both elytra. The thighs of both insects are clavate, but in *C. ruricola*, only, are the hind thighs and tibiae elongate; in the stranger they are even shorter than in *Xylotrechus* and more strongly clavate. The insect has been identified as *Clytus marginicollis* and is, I believe, a great rarity in Ontario; at any rate, it is a new species and a new genus in my collection, filling an important gap in the group of *Clytini*.

It was quite enough for me that I had been collecting Longicorns for 15 years and had never seen this insect before. There lay my friend, inert as the weariest of mere wayfarers without an object could possibly be on a sizzling hot day; but my capture filled me at once brimful of activity and fervour. I spent a good half hour peering about that pine trunk and its limbs in the hope of another capture, and even when we decided to move on, I was still straining at the leash, eager to beat the next cover for game.

Just west of Hume's old home-farm is a sloping hillside covered with small trees and intersected by streams of cress-mantled spring water. At one of these I stooped to drink, for a long draught is worth far more to the pedestrian on a hot day than solid food of any kind. While thus refreshing myself I observed on the further bank a recent windfall of basswood; "windfall," I call it, but it might almost have been called a "water-fall;" for its roots had been undermined by a freshet, and a sudden flaw of wind taking it by surprise had overturned it. It was while struggling up the further bank, with one eye glued on the basswood, that I caught sight of a specimen of *Neoclytus erythrocephalus* running along a limb on the off-side of the fallen tree. As soon as I got to the top of the bank I hurried round the head of the tree to where I had seen the insect. There it was again! but unfortunately hurrying down towards the axil of a large limb impossible of approach owing to the thicket of grapevine into whose midst the tree had crashed. However, I kept the insect in view, and presently to my relief it faced about and came up towards the smaller branches at the top of the bank. And here after a little anxious stalking, I made my capture. Next moment I saw the dead image of it, very much alive, hurrying along the limb again; had it escaped from the cyanide jar? No, there it was safe in the glass bottle. Again I stalked my quarry, and again I made my capture; and presently, behold a third, running along the trunk. Where the insects came from I could not discover, but it seemed certain that they arrived by aeroplane and became visible only on alighting. Some time after, I spied a fourth, but it managed to elude the eager clutch of my fingers, as it had the jaws of my forceps and the yawning gape of my net; no sooner did it take to flight than it vanished into thin air.

In its descent the tree had broken some shoots of sumach at the top of the bank; close to these, but nearly under the basswood and in neutral territory on the ground, I captured a beautifully marked grey-brown Lamiinid which proved to be *Lepturges symmetricus*; some days later, my friend took a second specimen

on the basswood, so perhaps the latter has the better claim to have bred out this insect; on the broken sumach, I captured a specimen of *Lepturges querci*, and on a bruised branch of the basswood, just before leaving, I took *Eupogonius subarmatus* and *Leptostylus macula*; this last I have taken 3 times on basswood and rather more often on sumach; it is very fond of attaching itself to a branch—usually of small girth—that has been bruised or broken, and there I presume it oviposits. A few years ago my friend captured 8 or 10 of these insects and 3 or 4 of *Goes oculatus* in a few sumachs on the south edge of what we know locally as the North Wood. The insects were nearly all on branches partly killed; and the whole colony of sumachs where they were taken is now dead, I believe almost entirely as the result of Lamiinid larvæ; large numbers of *Hyperplatys aspersus* and *Liopus alpha* riddling the small branches, while *Leptostylus* and *Goes* tunnel the thicker stems. The life of a sumach thicket, all observers will readily admit, is remarkably short, shorter than that of an elder thicket, and in nearly all cases the destruction is caused by insect borers. These light, brittle woods with a pithy core being, it would seem, peculiarly prone. In the particular section I am speaking of, equally deadly has been the work of the weevil, *Cryptorhynchus lapathi*, among the willows bordering the small streams.

We were now at the edge of our chosen trysting place, one of the prettiest spots in all these northward tramps of ours. The time was ripe for lunch and a rest on soft mossy turf, within sight and sound of birch and pine and running water; a land of sunny upland pastures, of sumach thickets and shaded streams, of rich, if somewhat swampy hardwoods. To the north ran a long windbreak of pines that climbed suddenly up to the skyline over the shoulder of a great bare hill, outpost of a whole host of others more distant, from a few of which one sometimes caught a far-off glimpse both of Rice Lake and of Lake Ontario at a single halt. It was among the branches of the last pine in sight on the slope that I had got my first close view of a Mourning Dove one hot September afternoon. On the edge of that sloping wood to the west, with its intersecting runnels of cold spring water, we seldom failed to mark, in May or early June, the gorgeous plumage of the Scarlet Tanager and hear its pleasing notes; under its pines abound morels and the Gyromitra or Curly Cap, a rich mahogany-brown cousin of the Morel; once or twice in its sequestered dells we had been held spell-bound by the exquisite grace of the Yellow Ladies' Slipper, and once at least by the deathly still, pale beauty, appalling in its tranquillity, of the Destroying Angel (*Amanita phalloides*). Just north of us runs eastward a path leading to the Bethel road; and here on its south margin, beyond a spongy bit of marsh where spears of the Adder's Tongue fern thrust up, if you look about you carefully, you will make the same happy discovery that I made many years ago, the double surprise of a whole row of blue beech, that somewhat uncommon kinsman of the Ironwood or Hop hornbeam, and beyond them, hidden from the path by some cedars, a flourishing colony of the Hay-scented Fern (*Dicksonia pilosiuscula*) with its beautiful spreading fountain of finely cut green fronds; the only station I know for this species within 10 miles of Port Hope. A few yards south of where we were lunching, under a fringe of evergreen, while gathering morels one day in May, I flushed a partridge from its nest of 13 eggs. The whole place teemed with happy memories! As the

eye brooded over the scene, the spirits of a thousand vanished hours started from every nook and corner of the land.

After lunch we moved south through the narrow strip of woodland. The first section of this was mixed wood, and many trees were lying about in the unsightly confusion known as a "slash;" some of them had been felled two or three years before, others had fallen soon after, victims of the first gale that smote their unprotected flanks. It was hot work and slippery making one's way from point to point, and only a succession of lucky finds kept one going at all.

My first strike was where a butternut and a maple had fallen together; on a limb and some boughs of the former I took 3 or 4 more specimens of *Neoclytus erythrocephalus* racing madly along in the sunshine; and on the under side of the maple trunk,—it was a lean-to—I captured one specimen of *Urographis fasciatus* and one of *Goes oculatus*; on a near-by elm I took several *Physocnemum brevilineum* and 2 specimens of *Saperda tridentata*, and finally on a basswood 2 or 3 seasons dead, a specimen of *Saperda vestita* and 3 of *Hoplosia nubila*, the latter evidently just emerged from a dead and broken bit of limb half way up the trunk.

Further south the strip of woodland had been almost entirely pine with an occasional oak, not heavily wooded, but with many open glades made beautiful by beds of bracken interspersed with orange lilies; it was here that I had first found in any abundance, among blossoms of the large wild geranium, the pretty little longhorn—pale yellow, decorated with spots of black—*Pachyla monticola*. Now, hardly a tree was left standing, and the whole space was invaded by a wilderness of tall, rank grass and weeds; here and there, half buried in the vegetation, lay heaps of decaying pine brush, and from some of the larger branches, carefully picked up and scanned, were taken 6 or 8 specimens of *Lepiostylus sexguttatus*. Finally as we reached the higher ground at the south end of the plateau, where fewer trees had been felled, I captured a specimen of *Leptura zebra* just climbing up through the sheaf of leafy shoots about an oak stump. Two or three years before when first some of the oak and other hardwood here had been felled, I had taken early in July quite a number of good things by laying chips of freshly prised bark on the sappy stumps, my captures including the handsome *Calloides nobilis*, *Arhopalus fulminans*, *Centrodera decolorata*, and a small species of the Oak-pruner (*Elaphidion*). But now, though empty tunnels and fresh borings gave ample evidence of insect life in the dead wood, there was nothing visible on stump or trunk except this solitary specimen of *Leptura zebra*, an insect I have occasionally captured pollen-feeding in the clusters of New Jersey Tea as well as on oak stumps.

And here under the pines near the edge of the most southerly slope one gladly sprawled for a few minutes' rest, looking out across the plains to Lake Ontario and Port Hope, and ruminating pleasantly over the past. Then up for a four-mile stretch by side-road, lane and field, fragrant of wild grape and sweet briar, and so home at last, dog-tired, hungry as hunters, and every bit as happy.